UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

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Editorial.

VAVERING support of a great truth principle is often more harmful to cause that principle represents n open opposition.

O THE rightly intelligent, every acle is but the stepping-stone to er achievement. A financial loss ot infrequently a spiritual gain; lso, failure on a low plane of effort prove the index finger directing abor along higher levels.

YMPATHY sways mankind, but jus- is its ruler. The wrongs of the ring classes may mightily stir the lic heart, but what they have ed through patient effort after centuries of struggle, they may antly lose by a single unjust de- d. That man who dares reckon n sympathy beyond the line of ice may find the love of his nds turned to bitter hatred and ust. Justice should stand at the n of every cause.

THE *Northern Christian Advocate* Syracuse, N. Y., says: 'It looks f the desperate [World's Fair] agers may enter on a course in ch Christian public opinion alone punish them. If Sunday opening ld be at last secured by a trick, altogether probable that Chris- people would quite generally ignore the Fair, and they have it in their power to wreck it.' This opinion is expressed in a number of religious papers. If the managers are wise they will heed the warning." This sounds very like the "boycott." The courts are quite on their nerve of late crushing out the labor combines that would injure some corporations or capitalists. If now the "religious papers" should find the law laying hold on them for "wrecking" the Fair—then what?

IN view of the great accessions to our population through immigration, a pressing question to-day is that of how to interest religiously the vast numbers of foreigners who come to our shores. If it be impossible to reach adult foreigners with the Unitarian faith, yet the little ones offer a broad field for good seed-sowing. Should not each church have its kindergarten through which young children may be reached? These helpful institutions would help to answer the question, "Has the Unitarian faith a message for the masses?"

IT is doubtful whether in these days man justly estimates the worth and value of good citizenship. The reign of righteousness, love and truth in the world implies first of all, the conscientious discharge of one's duty to his fellow-man. And how can one more practically demonstrate his interest in the general weal than by doing all that man honorably dare do to establish the principles of morality in government. George William Curtis was one of the best types of such citizenship and he has won for himself one of the noblest places in the moral and political roll of honor.

LARGE standing armies for purposes of conquest do not necessarily predicate inhumanity in the rulers that control them. As a case in point, witness that singular but beneficent provision for old age made by a law which has been in force in Germany for the last two years. It provides that every servant girl shall own a small blank book for stamps, in which a two-penny half-penny stamp is to be placed every week by the mistress. In case of old age or illness the stamps are to be redeemed by the government, thus providing a small emergency fund for future use. This legislation is said to have resulted from the emperor's suggestion.

A FRIEND inquires: "What is a parent's religious duty in assisting his child to the choice of a life occupation?" The habit of liberal thought prompts one to answer, "Let him choose his own vocation. What he wishes and not what you wish for him, should regulate his choice." And yet the fact remains that the ordinary young person — unless he be a genius — has several tastes, any one of which he would be equally eager to cultivate and choose as foundation for a life-work. Does not the complexity of modern civilization make it a religious duty of the parent not only to select that vocation that shall answer to the desires of his child, but also to influence his choice in a direction not already overcrowded. The thoughtlessness in this regard of this generation may prove an inherited calamity for the one to come.

THE realization of immortality here and now would purify the lives of many who bestow all thought and effort on soul-saving for the bliss of a future state. This emphasis placed upon the period after death reminds one of the faith of the early Hindoos. Their religion included belief in a mystic world-tree of which all their gods were branches; and those *already dead* could climb into it and thereby reach the higher regions of immortality. Modern religious thought more and more places its emphasis on the here and now.

HAPPINESS should be as essential a part of religion as morality. Indeed, it is questionable if there be any of the nobler religious sentiment apart from happiness. If one really believes in the existence of an infinite power for good, omnipotent and all-pervasive in nature, he will bear a courageous front with the cheer of the dawn ever upon his face and in his heart. Vexed problems may not meet with a solution to day, but tomorrow the time will be ripe. And going forth with this unwavering conviction written upon his countenance and in his deeds, man carries blessing and that noble repose rooted in conscious strength.

THE French army, according to a recent statement in the London *Daily News*, numbers 2,500,000; the German, 2,417,000; the Russian, 2,451,000; the Austrian, 1,050,000; the Italian, 1,514,000; the Swiss, 212,000; the Belgian, 128,000. When the new military laws come into full effect these numbers will be increased and France will be able to put 4,350,000 men in the field; Germany, 5,000,000; Russia, 4,000,000; Austria, 1,900,000; Italy, 2,236,000; Switzerland, 489,000; Belgium, 258,000. That is to say, these nations of Continental Europe are maintaining at present an army of some 12,500,000, at an estimated cost of nearly $1,000,000,000 a year, and provision is making to increase this vast force to 22,000,000. And in all these lands there is great celebration of the festival of the "Prince of Peace" with every Christmas, and missionaries are sent to "heathen" lands to teach the people not to bite and devour one another!

A PAMPHLET, giving the plan and program of "A Summer School of Art and Science" in Edinburgh has come to hand, and shows that summer schools are becoming a well-matured institution, on the other side of the water. This is the seventh annual session, and it extends over a period of nearly four weeks, from July 31 to August 26. General courses of lectures are included, upon "Contemporary Social Evolution," "History and Principles of the Sciences," "Modern History," "Comparative Psychology," "Hygiene," "Biology," "Practical Botany," "Field Geology," "Practical Zoology," "Classification of the Sciences," etc., etc. Studios and Sloyd workshops are open throughout the day, and recreation is not forgotten, for in connection with certain lectures, excursions are arranged to points of interest, some dealing with Old and New Edinburgh. "Each study must seek its highest result," says a writer upon the 'Educational Purpose of the Courses'; "A Scheme of Education is tested by its reality for the preparation of life; it seeks to fit the student for some of the higher activities of life by actually sharing them." The most skilled professors of the respective arts and sciences, both men and women, are among the instructors.

"WHAT we need in the prayer-meetings of to-day is a set of new prayers," says the St. Louis Methodist *Advocate*. "The old ones are not exactly worn out, for a good prayer, like a good diamond, only brightens with use, but they have become so familiar to the audience that they no longer produce any impression." "Impression on whom?" asks the Presbyterian *Interior*. "Does our contemporary think that God is tired of the Lord's prayer?" The *Interior* would seem at first glance to have scored a point. But reflection and experience come to reinforce the *Advocate*. If we may suppose the preacher to be praying aloud in the name of and for the audience, to be uttering their prayer for them, his words should "produce impression"; neither be so familiar that they do not heed them, nor so emptied of modern life and thought as to leave them indifferent. It is not unreasonable to suppose that "prayers" should keep their pace with the advancing world and body forth the religious "image of the time." Suggestive, perhaps, are the despairing words of the king before the altar:

> "My words fly up, my thoughts remain below,
> Words without thoughts never to heaven go."

Flash-lights for the Sweat-shops.

Why may not the "flash-light" become a power in the relief of the miserable and do for the "sweater" and his kind what gas-light has done for the criminal? Let it shoot its rays into the camera in the darkened room where the germs of typhoid are stitched into the seams of the lady's cloak, where the puny child is sewing her life away in the buttons she is fastening on the gay young collegian's vest. Let the kodak write the "simple annals of the poor" in the homes where pestilence broods over the wares manufactured there, and then let us hang up these pictures in the great establishments of our city where the polluted goods are sold. Let these reports from nature, these records written with God's own finger, be hung up in the Young Men's Christian Association rooms, in the Women's Christian Temperance Union halls, in the prayer-meetings and auditoriums of our fashionable churches, and something will come of it. A few weeks ago, Professor Barnard, of the great Lick Observatory, showed us at Central Music Hall what mighty contributions photography has made to the science of astronomy. Stars that have never made an impression on the retina of the human eye have testified to their own existence upon the sensitive plate in the camera. So in all the other physical sciences, photography has been a great helper. Its services are yet to be as conspicuous in the

science of sociology. Will not somebody contribute to Doctor Small's department in the Chicago University a generous camera fund, and let the students in this sociology department be sent out into the crowded sections of our poverty-stricken districts hunting with their "Waterburys," so that the favored half of the community may learn "how the other half lives"? Thus the distance may at least be lessened between the two halves and both sides be made to realize that they are two halves of one whole.

Hymns With Worms in Them.

We cut the following bit of humor from an excellent character-sketch by Kate Erskine in a recent number of the *Christian Union*, entitled "A Treble Singer." The passage itself is both text and sermon on some aspects of once popular hymnology which happily are coming to be more and more things of the past. We could all of us, doubtless, add to Miss Rockwood's list of "hymns with worms in them." The "worm" figure seems to have been a stock expression with writers of a certain class, both in prose and verse. The figure suggests also that general depreciation of human nature which has more or less characterized the conventional piety of every age. Penitence for conscious sin is a vital fact in every religious experience. There is a "godly sorrow" that works toward spiritual health and increase of strength. But penitence for conscious sin is one thing, and the disparagement of human nature in general is quite another. We suspect that the oft-repeated phrase "*us* miserable sinners," is quite as apt to awaken the easy-going reflection that one is as good as his neighbors, as it is to arraign before the bar of the private conscience a single individual sin. There is nothing more hurtful to a sweet and natural religiousness of mind and heart than the careless and inconsiderate adoption of phrases, in themselves very likely once the expression of some deep individual experience, but without the same background of conscious fact when made the language of general devotion. The era of "desert drear," "starless waste of woe," "waiting-place," and kindred speech as applied to our present life and its rich and varied environment, is happily passing, hand in hand with the "worm" in our hymnology. Thoughtful and really religious people are realizing that depreciation of the creature is no praise of the Creator. But we are keeping our readers from the choice bit of humor that furnished us with a text. There seems to us an exquisite touch in Miss Rockwood's naive remark that the Lord "would n't have written the lines himself!"

"I've always tried to feel that the singin' was just as much a part o' the worshipin' as the preachin' or the prayin', an' that the words o' the hymns were just as acceptable to the Lord, so long as you sang 'em in all sincerity an' truth. Feelin' as I do about it, of course there was times when I could n't sing certain lines. I've never spoken about this to anybody before," and Miss Rockwood's voice sank to a confidential whisper; "but did you ever notice how many hymns there was with worms in?"

"With what?" gasped her friend.

"Why, with worms. For instance, there's the third verse of hymn 122. You know how it commences—

'Do thou assist a feeble worm
The great engagement to perform.'

An' then there's that other,

'My humbled soul, when thou art near,
In dust and ashes lies!
How shall a sinful worm appear
Or meet thy purer eyes!'

Seem's if there was no end o' them. Then there's those lines in hymn 52,

'That thine eternal Son should bear
To take a mortal form
Made lower than his angels are,
To save a dying worm.'

Well, there's others; an' they're all beautiful, exceptin' for that. But what I started to say was, that I never could bring myself to sing those lines." Sometimes I'd get myself so worked up and worrited about it during the week that I'd think perhaps I could sing it nex' Sunday; and then, on the way to church, I'd be sure to see one o' the pesky things hangin' from a tree or crawlin' along the road, an' 'twould all come over me again. I'd always try to do my duty by hummin' the air, but the words would stick in my throat. I don't want you to think, Mis' Brigham," she continued, "that it's because I feel myself better'n other folks; 'tain't that, for I've always held myself real low, as you know. It's just worms I'm referrin' to; an' I always did think the Lord appreciated my feelin's, an' would n't have written the lines himself."

F. L. H.

Home-Making and Home-Losing.

The value of the family as the dynamic unit of civilization, and of the home as the habitation of the family, where virtue and patriotism have their source, is a theme which has often been treated. Sometimes we have been told that *the home* is peculiarly an Anglo-Saxon institution. But it will not do to limit virtue and patriotism or civilization to the Anglo Saxon peoples, or else we must settle upon a new definition of the word. There were patriotism and civilization in Greece; but there was nothing which corresponds to the German or English home, as that term is commonly used.

Sometimes we are told that the American home is in great danger of being lost. The perilous tendencies are coming upon us from many sides. The W. C. T. U. believes it is chiefly threatened by intemperance; the church by the decay of sound faith. Some think woman suffrage and the higher education for girls are deleterious influences. Others see the boarding-house and hotel life, and the frequent change of residence, growing out of the facilities and temptations of travel, rapidly undermining the home with all its tender and restraining associations.

But the worst and widest destruction of domestic ties and influences, it is claimed, may be found in our great industrial and commercial centers; in the crowded lodgings and tenement houses of our poorer classes in the cities. We are told that it is impossible for the home to exist under such conditions.

The home, we may hear, means pure air, quiet, cleanliness, equal companionship, comfort, competence. Is this too much to ask? These are the outward conditions of inward peace, purity, strength and progress.

We have two classes of reformers laboring for the welfare of the indigent and ill-to-do. By far the larger class is busy devising ways and means to draw these people out of their dwellings. It seems to say, a home is a thing impossible in a dingy house in a narrow street. Get these people out of these one-to-three room tenements in buildings that all look alike, as often as possible, and even as far away as possible. Establish coffee-rooms, and reading-rooms, and places of amusement, or Toynbee Halls in their neighborhood. Then plan for picnics and excursions, lawn-parties and tea-gatherings, which shall carry them away to the fields and parks, or permit them to see how their benefactors live in fine mansions, by grassy lawns. This is at present the most common and conspicuous method of seeking to benefit the poor—to lift them up from their dull life and help them to see better things.

There is another class of reformers whose merits, if less conspicuous, are not less real or effective. These, by their methods, say that we must help the thriftless and the destitute where they are, if we are in any healthy way to develop the faculty of self-help. These people can, so far as we can see, never attain to residence in light and airy houses on broad streets—to say nothing of parks and boulevards. It only makes their condition seem more hopeless to feed them on fine china, under the shady trees of elegant residences, while ladies in silk and jewels, with dainty hands, serve them with the delicacies of the market. What they need to know is, how to make the most of the little they have. Not to have so much done to tempt them to abandon their humble and even filthy dwellings, but something to make the rooms they live in more neat, attractive, or tolerable. Much is said of the unendurable repulsiveness of the quarters where so many live—the noise of children, the smell of cooking food, the lack of taste and comfort, and all means of culture. Yet no small part of all these drawbacks was experienced by all the early settlers of America. These things still have to be borne, not only in the log-cabin, but in a too large percentage of farmers' homes. Yet something can be done and must be done to teach the poor how the worst circumstances may be made to yield to rightly directed effort. There are Domestic Economy schools whose object is to show how the humblest tenement rooms may put on taste and wholesomeness; how food may be wisely selected and inexpensively and economically cooked; how a bed may be kept neat, and a table be set in a presentable manner, even if the dishes are few. In East London (as well as in Boston), those who are too poor to go to a public library or to find reading for themselves, are supplied with interesting books. A little rack or shelf of books, carefully selected, is placed by the visitor, in charge of some girl, it many be, of the poor family. This girl is for the time being the librarian of a free library in her neighborhood. She lends them out to be read, until she needs a new supply, when the little library is exchanged for another, and goes on its way to do duty elsewhere. Pictures may be circulated in the same way.

In such ways as these and by the multiplying of such influences, very humble quarters may gradually put on some of the aspects of a happy home. Gradually it may be seen that there is both education and companionship to be had in the light of one's own dwelling. Indeed, unless something can be done to make it pleasant for the children, as well as the parents of a family, to stay at home during some of their leisure hours, there will be no home—and if this result cannot be accomplished, there will be no inducement to make one. L.

One of our co-workers speaks "of the heart of all religions." But "the heart of all religions" is not peculiar to any. And we find that "the heart of all religions" means watchfulness over the imperfections of self, and towards the perfections of God, or some supreme ideal. It means purity of heart and humility of mind. It means love and justice. For "there is no religion," as Max Mueller writes, "or if there is, I do not know it, which does not say, 'Do good; avoid evil.'" —*Rev. J. C. Learned, in the Non-Sectarian.*

The foundation of our free institutions is in our love, as a people, for our homes. The strength of our country is found, not in the declaration that all men are free and equal, but in the quiet influence of the fireside, the bonds which unite together the family circle. The corner-stone of our republic is the hearthstone. In this country everything depends upon it.—*W. G. Eliot.*

Men and Things.

I have oft heard people say,
"O wad some power the giftie gie us"—
(Quoting from an old Scottish lay)
"To see oursels as others see us."
But I would far more happy be
If some fairy, witch, or elf
Would make the other people see
Me, just as I see myself.
—*H. Dodge Tichenor.*

Mrs. George Hearst, widow of Senat Hearst, is one of the prize club-women i California, as Mrs. Senator Wolcott is i Colorado. Both of these ladies are we known in the East, having spent so man years in Washington. Mrs. Hearst de lights in giving beautiful pictures to var ous woman's clubs, and Mrs. Wolcott ha a habit of erecting drinking-fountains fo horses in the big cities. It is said Ne York, Chicago and Washington are indebte to her so far for these humane monument of her love of animals.—*The Club.*

Lucy Larcom, the poet, is lying criticall ill of heart trouble in her apartments at N 214 Columbus avenue, Boston. She ha been ill for some time, but several days ag she had an attack which lasted about twelv hours, and it is not believed that she ca survive another one. The death of he life-long friend, John G. Whittier, was great sorrow, and this was soon followed b the loss of her minister, Bishop Brook Before Dr. Brooks's body was taken fro his home a carriage was sent to bring Mi Larcom, if she wished to look upon h face, but she had too little strength to ven ure. She has every attention in the coz apartments in Boston where she has usuall spent her winters with her artist friend, b the place she calls home is at her brother house in Beverly.

[*Later.* The funeral of Lucy Larco occurred April 20.]

In order to promote a closer union be tween the colleges and the fitting schoo and to direct attention to the value and t emphasize the importance of a college educ tion, President Charles F. Thwing of Wes ern Reserve University and Adelbert Colleg Cleveland, O., offers one prize of thirty do lars and one of twenty for the two be essays on the Value of a College Educatio for a Boy. The writer of each essay sub mitted is to be a boy and a member of th senior (graduating) class of a high scho or an academy fitting for the best college Each essay is to be sent to President Thwin as early as the first of August, 1893. Th committee of award consists of the fou professors of English in Adelbert Colleg and the College for Women of Western R serve University. The award will be an nounced about the first of November, 189 and payment of the sums indicated will b at once made.

"Perhaps no poet ever received a mor merciless castigation than Tennyson in th *Quarterly Review* of 1833. But he made n reply; and after years of silence he cam forth again with new and better work, an much of the old recast, showing that he wa willing to learn from his critics. Perhap the criticism of others made him clearly se what he himself had vaguely felt were blem ishes. If anything, he yielded almost to much to some criticisms. In his 'Dream Fair Women' he had made Iphigenia say

'One drew a sharp knife through my tender thro
Slowly—nothing more.'

Upon which the smart reviewer remarke 'What touching simplicity, what patheti resignation!—he cut my throat—nothin more.' So Tennyson has changed th passage, but hardly for the better. As first appeared, it was far more expressiv and beautiful. Still, in spite of this and few other exceptions, Tennyson has show the true attitude in which the poet shoul stand toward his critics. He tried to lear from them, and in some measure he regarde them as an external literary conscience."—*Poet Lore.*

Audubon tells in a recent number *Scribner's Magazine* how in his youth h maintained his health and strength: "was temperate to an *intemperate* degree. lived, until the day of my union with you mother, on milk, fruits and vegetables, wit the addition of game and fish at times, bu never had I swallowed a single glass wine or spirits until the day of my weddin The result has been my uncommon, indee iron, constitution. This was my constan mode of life ever since my earliest recolle tion, and while in France it was extremel annoying to all those round me. Indee so much did it influence me that I neve went to dinners, merely because when situated my peculiarities in my choic of food occasioned comment, and also b cause often not a single dish was to my tas or fancy, and I could eat nothing from th sumptuous tables before me. Pies, pu dings, eggs, milk or cream was all I care for in the way of food, and many a tim have I robbed my tenant's wife, Mr Thomas, of the cream intended to mak butter for the Philadelphia market. A this time I was as fair and as rosy as a gi though as strong, indeed stronger, th most young men, and as active as a buck

Contributed and Selected.

My Philosopher.

He clings with tiny claw against
The rugged tree trunk's sunny side,
His cap of scarlet brightly gleams,
The North Wind ruffles his cassock pied.
Around the ice-clad branches bent,
Beyond the cold, blue firmament,
The church bell sounds across the hill,
He turns his head, and listens still,
When silence comes, as if he heard
Whispered through space some sacred words.
His Sunday! Brings the wind a hymn?
What wisdom in that bare brown stem?
Philosopher, with wise sweet look,
What need for thee of creed or book?
Thy temple of the air is free,
Its heights no heretic can flee,
Cathedral of the soaring wing
It holds his farthest wandering.

ALICE GORDON.

"The Strength of the Hills is His Also."

Without any thought of irreverence, it has often occurred to us that these forceful words aptly describe certain lofty types of men. Think what is suggested by that phrase, "strength of the hills"—solidity, permanency, power. The man whose life possesses a wholeness, through whose existence runs a strong, firm thread of purpose, asks not but commands our respect. Environments shift, his life's aim never. Almost might we apply to him that sublime Bible sentence, "He is the same yesterday, to-day, forever." What a sense of repose, of security we feel in his presence. Like a deep ocean current life sweeps onward. Duties are discharged, promises fulfilled, heartfull gifts bestowed, yet his purpose moves steadily on to fruition.

It was once said of a celebrated minister, that while he possessed ability of a high order, and the power of calling at will smiles or tears from his auditors, he could not fill his church. Long rows of unoccupied seats would greet his reluctant eyes on the fairest days in June, and sometimes an accent of melancholy could be heard in his voice. He always interested and entertained his people, but he could not touch the deeper chords of their natures. That fire of intense earnestness which now inspires, now terrifies, and again commands, was not his to startle to flame in periods of stress. Man, to reach his best, must be mentally and morally reinvigorated. He must be made to see and feel that life is real and earnest, and that a mission awaits each one of us. And he who would be a helper to those that dwell in the spirit must himself be a mountain of moral strength.

Light as thistledown wafted upon a summer breeze are the resolutions and hopes of those of an opposite temperament. Born, perhaps, with lofty ambitions, daily conceiving new plans for the betterment of humanity, the noble impulse stops short of fruition for want of constancy of purpose. The constant dropping of water wears away stone—but what is inanimate, compared to animate, resistance? Who shall estimate the strength of mind, the hope, the courage, the indomitable will necessary to bend men to some great end? To meet the fault-finding with a cheery word; to meet doubt with confidence; to replace weariness with renewed vigor, requires essential force. But to charm without lulling to sleep; to uncover wrong without hardening the wrong-doer; with a finely sympathic nature to be deaf to the appeals of well-meaning friends, because truth demands it,—this requires adamantine power. Ineffable tenderness of character is the fundament of this force. In the lightning flash of denunciation lurks the kindliness of love. Courageous to condemn the wrong, quick to forgive the sinner, the truly great spirit loses himself in his cause. Personal slights may rouse a just indignation, but they never anger: the current of life is too deep and strong to be deflected by small considerations.

Luther, Wiclif, Washington, Lincoln, were varying types of the invincibly strong nature; the strength of the hills was theirs, also. Insensibly they drew all men to them. But when hearts failed about them, did they falter in their great purposes? Did Luther shrink from the encounter at Worms, or did he brave all opposition even though there might be as many devils to beset him as there were tiles upon the roof-tops? Was Wiclif turned back by the breath of ignominy? When at Valley Forge bitter complaints rained down upon Washington like showers of sharp-edged javelins, did his face pale or his voice falter? or, when hunger, disease, discouragement and depleted treasuries had demoralized his soldiers, did he by forethought consummate a splendid victory? Previous to the Emancipation Proclamation when adherents were falling away, friends were rebellious, and foes were jubilant, did Lincoln's resolution weaken? or, rather, by one swift sure deed, did he not restore public confidence and raise up leaders that reared the Union flag triumphantly on a hundred battlefields? There are those who know no faltering. When they have once set their hands to the plow, the day of deliberation is past. They have crossed the Rubicon, and victory or death is the only outcome. All hail to those souls tender to the weak, sympathetic with all men, but invincible in upholding the right! They are the stuff of which heroes are made. The strength of the hills is theirs, also.

B. L. G.

The Religious Congress at Chicago.

It is becoming increasingly evident that one of the most valuable features of the Columbian Exposition will be the series of Religious Congresses to be held during the month of September. The date assigned for the Parliament of Religions, with the various denominational congresses, is the eighteen days from the 10th to the 27th of the month. The meetings will be held in the great Art Palace on the Lake Front Park in Chicago, and not on the Exposition grounds. Already responses have come from Japan, India, Siam, Iceland, China, and various other countries, and from representatives of many religions, indicating that they will be ably and fairly presented. To us it seems as if this parliament will offer the best opportunity that the world has ever seen for a study of comparative religions. Dr. Barrows and his associates have certainly taken hold of this work with masterly wisdom, and the whole religious world will be under lasting obligation to them. To hear Buddhism explained by a cultured Buddhist; to have the Brahmo-Somaj interpreted by the eloquence of Mozoomdar; to have the Jewish faith expounded by the noblest of Jewish rabbis; and to have all these placed side by side with the teachings of the Christian's master, and each allowed to bear its own testimony to its validity, is surely a privilege of immense value. All who can possibly attend the meetings of this Parliament of religions should plan to do so.—*Christian Union.*

IT is not what we do, outwardly considered, but the spirit in which it is done, that constitutes the greatness or littleness of our work.—*W. G. Eliot.*

Correspondence.

In the Old Dominion.

In my last letter I gave the readers of UNITY to understand that I was off for an unknown country; but before this reaches them there will be no harm in divulging the secret. The instincts of a tired man did not trick him, when they led him into this further end of the Shenandoah with the Blue Ridge sheltering him on the one hand, and the more lofty Alleghanies standing between him and care and northerly chills on the other. It is a few weeks too early to find the finest glory; but even now the mountain sides are pinking into life with tints as delicate as those of a baby's flesh, and through this prophecy of color burst, in resplendent glory, great banners of redbud checkered with the white of cherry, plum and apple trees. It is already time for the cleanly Virginia matron to have swept her front yard, and sweet, homely familiar flowering bushes, shrubs and plants are in full bloom.

Following the instinct alluded to above, I came to Roanoke, led thither, perhaps, by the recollection of a boyish enthusiasm for "the fierce and fiery tribune John Randolph of Roanoke." He who was the rising sun when Patrick Henry's sun was setting — he who said to a woman who asked him to address their missionary meeting, "Madam, the heathen are now at your own door." But alas for human glory. How short is fame. This is not the "Roanoke of Randolph." Even his place of residence and burial has passed out of mind and I have been unable to trace it. Instead of being on historic grounds I find myself in the boasted "Magic City" of the South—twenty thousand people gathered by the hot energy of great railroad and manufacturing enterprises. It is *post bellum* in temper, spirit and characteristics. It has mostly come into being during the past ten years. The great war is spoken of by the eldest as a far-away dream and flaming experience of a bygone age.

Already I have fallen into my one vacation dissipation and have been on horseback a hundred miles or more. I find much to woo me to this stately old "mother of presidents." Virginia is still virile, and out of its quiet, peaceful and contented matrons there will yet rise a greatness higher than that found in political advancement. In this part of Virginia I have seen little evidence of the pride of those high stepping dames, proud of pedigree and courtly in drawing-room, we read of. They are to the eastward, if at all; but as I rode I found that humble excellence such as gave to Abraham Lincoln his Virginia mother. Hospitable, courteous, frank people are these Virginians. Much safer is it for a tramp like myself to strike out for a hundred-mile ride, than in the more energetic and favored northwest. Here they are not so fine that they are "not fixed for strangers." I found no house so poor but that they were willing to give me such as they had, and the inevitable meal of hot biscuit and fried pork was forthcoming — anywhere I was willing to wait for it. Here the population is but slightly streaked with foreign blood, and in this sense there is "blue blood" in these valleys, and, as a friend suggested, "it is of a warmer tint than that found in the veins of some of the ancient dwellers on Beacon hill in Boston."

Roanoke is forty miles away from the Natural Bridge. I have conscientious scruples against advertised scenery. I am not a "lion hunter" either in the domains of nature or human nature. So I often reminded myself as I traveled thither, that the ride through the beautiful valleys of the Roanoke and James, and not the Bridge at the end of it, was the most delightful thing. The ride thither and back was balm to sick nerves and worth the outlay of time and strength; but when I had spent a long and worshipful Sunday under and around this historic masterpiece of nature, I was ready to acknowledge the cathedral-like blessing which it had to bestow.

The associations of the Natural Bridge are rich. This is the tract which the king granted to Thomas Jefferson. Here the Fairfax county land surveyor came and inscribed his initials "G. W." which to the devout believer are yet pointed out. Here young Piper made his hazardous climb which gave to Elihu Burritt a chance to write his florid "piece" which was the best thumbed of any in the old school reader and which we boys of the "fifties" used to speak on Friday afternoons with such fiery eloquence in the log school house. Here Harriet Martineau came and wandered and the savants of the French Academy came to study and to map. And still the little brook, that has done all this, chiseled away this mighty arch a hundred and ninety feet high and ninety feet wide, is working away as of old, singing at its work perhaps working as fast as it ever did. How it stretches out the time, snaps our petty chronologies and short ranged theologies, when we think of it all thus. In the bottom of the glen there is to be found what is claimed to be some of the largest arbor vitæ trees in the world, some of them measuring eight feet in circumference. It is estimated that they are more than fifteen hundred years old, at least, and still these are but recent sprigs, spring buds in this patient garden of nature.

I have already intimated that I had my worship that Sunday in this great unroofed cave called the "Glen," but the bell of a little Baptist chapel on the hill invited me to go to meeting with folks, and I went and found a venerable old-time elder in the pulpit who talked in the quaintest accents, in a free, familiar conversational tone which every now and then exploded into a great volume of noise, on the most unimportant words, which startled the listener like the premature discharge of a gun. He gave some practical home thrusts which would do good to the sleepy occupants of the upholstered pews of Chicago. With this single sample of his oratory I close this glimpse of your hiding editor.

"When I first went down into *Monroe* county many years ago they had there nine prosperous, old-fashioned ironside Baptist churches. When I began talking of having to give to missions they said 'they reckoned the Lord could take care of that business himself. If he wants missions he could start them—they had all they could do to take keer of themselves;' and so they went on doing business on their stinginess and now there is only one of them left. The Lord he blessed them by wiping them from the face of the earth, and the Devil he had no use for them neither. There is a kind of meanness that is not good for God nor the Devil. It is the meanness that cares for nobody but itself."

The dear old preacher was quite right. The crowning sin is selfishness. The final blight is disregard of the woes of others and there are churches all over our country, in all the denominations, that are being swept to the same destiny, and for the same cause as these churches of the tender-hearted old pastor in Virginia.

J. Ll. J.

ROANOKE, VA., APRIL 20, 1893.

IT does not take a great man to be a Christian, but it takes all there is of him.—*B. Fay Mills.*

Church Door Pulpit.

Concerning Paul and Paulism.

BY CHARLES K. WHIPPLE.

In 1862 there was published in England an "Introduction to the Study of the New Testament," by Rev. Samuel Davidson, D. D., a man eminent in Biblical criticism. As this gentleman never had the presumption to consider his work a finality, he continued to study all testimony bearing upon the subject; and this further research brought testimony so abundant and convincing that he felt obliged to rewrite this extensive work, setting forth the grounds which put a new aspect upon the subject, and required conclusions in some respects materially different from those reached in the former work. Among these differences were new views respecting the date and authorship of the several books combined to form the New Testament. These views, and the evidence for them, are set forth at length in an "Introduction to the Study of the New Testament" published by Longmans in 1882, twenty years after the former work by the same author, bearing the same title.

The times when the various manuscripts of the New Testament writings were first put in circulation are not only unknown, but the conjectures of competent critics respecting them are very wide apart. Yet these dates are very important, not only as making the writings more intelligible, but because the true date may invalidate the supposed authorship. For instance; the Gospel according to Luke and the Acts of the Apostles are both addressed, presumably by the same author, to one Theophilus, and the author of the Acts refers to the Gospel as previously written. But Dr. Davidson finds reason to think not only that Acts was first written, but that both appeared at so late a date that neither could have been written by Luke, the companion of Paul. The probable dates (according to Dr. Davidson) are that the Acts of the Apostles appeared soon after A. D. 120, and the Gospel according to Luke not until 130. True, this is only conjecture; but the earlier dates so long confidently printed as correct by commentators, are only conjectural. Nothing is proved, nor is proof upon those points ever likely to be found. It seems plain, however, that the epistles of Paul were written long before either the Acts or the Gospels.

Critics have pointed out as a noteworthy fact that the story of the transfiguration, elaborately told by Matthew, Mark and Luke, is not even mentioned by John, the only one of them who was said to have been present there. A case curiously similar is that of the miraculous conversion of Paul, which is not described in any of his own writings, but is three times minutely detailed in the Acts of the Apostles, written by some unknown person long after the alleged event.

I have shown in an article on the primitive and proper meaning of the epithet "Christ" (UNITY, Feb. 16th) that, from the time of the prophets Isaiah, Jeremiah and Ezekiel to the crucifixion of Jesus, that epithet had one and only one signification, namely, designating an expected King of the Jews, descending from David, and destined to deliver the children of Israel from oppression, to collect them in the land of Palestine, and to reign over them there in peace and prosperity. The nation, in the time of Jesus, had long been expecting such a deliverer, and when any person of pre-eminent ability appeared (as for instance John the Baptist), the question arose whether he was the Messiah. The Gospels unite in attributing to Jesus great persuasiveness of manner and speech, and such a union of majesty and benignity as to raise this question respecting him as soon as he began to preach. They also agree in representing that the disciples who followed him were constantly expecting that he would assume the position of deliverer and ruler. After the crucifixion Cleopas, speaking for the disciples in general, said despairingly—we trusted that it had been he who should have redeemed Israel.

In the judgment of Dr. Davidson, the portion of the New Testament first written was Paul's first epistle to the Thessalonians, which (he thinks) appeared A. D. 53, twenty years or more after the crucifixion. In this epistle Paul not only uses the epithet Christ as a synonym for Jesus, but calls him "the Lord Jesus Christ," and assumes the certain literal fulfillment of the promise which he was said to have made on several occasions, that, within the lifetime of those who heard him, he should be seen coming in the clouds, with power and great glory, attended by angels, to make a permanent division between the righteous and the wicked.

In the Acts of the Apostles, Paul is represented as having once seen Jesus in a vision. There is no reason to think that he ever saw him in the body; and in none of his own writings does Paul give the details of his miraculous conversion. In the epistle to the Galatians, however, (supposed by Dr. Davidson to have been written next after that to the Thessalonians) Paul seems to think it important to show that after his conversion, he held no communication with the apostles, but received knowledge respecting Jesus "by revelation." It is plain from the whole New Testament history that the people of that age regarded dreams as divinely significant of events to be expected and of duties to be performed; and when Paul gives to the Corinthians a list of the appearances of Jesus after his crucifixion, there is no reason to think that he considered those appearances other than visions like his own.

All that is told us respecting the manner of Paul's sudden conversion is found in the 9th, 22d and 26th chapters of Acts; and in the second and third of these passages, the unknown author, following the usage then prevalent among Greek, Roman and Jewish writers, represents Paul as giving his own version of that event. So, if Dr. Davidson's estimate of the date of the book of Acts is anywhere near correctness, we have in those narratives not Paul's own words, but the tradition of sixty or seventy years respecting them.

However Paul's theory originated, whether by revelation or tradition, one thing is clear, namely, that in all his epistles he calls him "the Lord Jesus Christ," giving to the epithet Christ a new meaning, entirely different from the one before universally accepted, and directly contrary to the predictions of Isaiah, Jeremiah and Ezekiel. He also confidently expects, and exhorts his disciples to expect and prepare for the speedy coming of Jesus with angels in the clouds, and his own bodily ascent through the air to join them. We see this confident expectation and prediction to have been erroneous. How comes it that we do not see Paul's doctrine of the Messiahship of Jesus to be equally erroneous?

Error or not, the vigor and energy of Paul have prevailed to cause the acceptance of his theory by all of the great divisions of the Christian world, and the continuance of this success for nineteen centuries. Christianity, as taught by both Catholics and Protestants, is the work of Paul, not at all of Jesus, though Paul has incorporated with his theory some of the teachings of Jesus, and these form the best part of the Pauline system.

In his epistle, Paul often speaks disparagingly of those who were considered pre-eminent among the original apostles, and states plainly, that after his conversion he avoided asking information or seeking counsel from them. His own title of apostle was assumed by himself on the ground of a commission claimed to have been received by him in a vision. He seems to have known nothing of the person of Jesus, and very little of his actual life; and he seems, moreover, to feel little concern about that actual life, but to be chiefly intent upon insisting that Jesus must be accepted as Christ and Lord. And Paul's energy and persistence in urging this new doctrine, were such that it not only gained acceptance with the believers of that time, but has remained to the present day the chief essential feature of the various churches called Christian.

One of the main characteristics of our time is the impulse and the habit of men to search for truth; to examine the foundations of old beliefs and old customs; to ask why, and not to rest satisfied without knowing why. It seems legitimate then to inquire why should we, why should any one, accept this doctrine invented by Paul, that Jesus of Nazareth was the Christ, in spite of the absolute contrariety between his character, occupation, purpose, life and death, and the purpose and career predicted for the Christ by the prophets above mentioned?

The narrative called Acts of the Apostles was written (Dr. Davidson thinks) soon after A. D. 120. If this conjecture is anywhere near correctness, it is plain that the account, by an unknown writer, of what took place half a century before, must be received as a compilation of current traditions, not at all as authentic history. The betrayal and arrest of Jesus, with the probability of his speedy execution, must have seemed to the apostles and disciples so absolute a failure of Messiahship that it is altogether probable that they all forsook him and fled, as it is admitted in the Gospels named for Matthew and Mark. How soon afterwards they reassembled, and began to preach the triumphant reappearance of their Master in the clouds, we have no trustworthy information. The nearest approach we have to accurate knowledge of what took place after the crucifixion is found in the epistles of Paul, which show that he had been so active in preaching his doctrine of the Lord Jesus Christ that many churches had been formed on that basis, with which, in default of the power of multiplying himself, he was obliged to communicate by letter; and all these letters are filled with the confident assurance that the crucified Galilean was shortly to be looked for coming in the clouds of heaven.

How could Paul, who as a Pharisee was more or less familiar with the Hebrew Scriptures, persuade himself that Jesus fulfilled their Messianic predictions? The only explanation appears to be that in most matters, and especially in religious matters, men possess the faculty of believing two incompatible propositions, by the simple process of not bringing them together for direct comparison, or by assuming that if we knew more we should be able to understand how a thing could be and not be at the same moment.

In the same way, Paul seems to have deluded himself into the belief that his *Hebrew scriptures foretold* that the Christ was to die, that he was to die for our sins, and that he was to rise from the dead on the third day. These predictions are not to be found there.

The first and essential point of the belief taught by Paul to his converts, was, that Jesus was the Messiah of Hebrew prophesy, proved to be so by his life on earth, and still more emphatically by his being raised from the dead, and that he was very soon to return in the clouds of heaven to establish his visible kingdom. Unfortunately for the argument, Hebrew prophesy contained nothing, whatever about Jesus; his life was in all respects contrary to that ascribed to the Christ, and his second coming in the clouds has never appeared.

What could Paul know of Jesus to justify us in accepting his statement that by him God made the worlds, or that God made him to be sin for us, or that he knew no sin?

It is a very curious fact that Paul who never saw Jesus in the body boasts of not applying for information respecting him to the apostles, the persons most competent to give it. What he tells us about Jesus he says he received "by revelation," that is to say in dream or vision, viewed under the conviction that thus truth was divinely imparted. He seems, indeed, not to care about the actual life of Jesus, but insists mainly on the Messiahship and the second coming and the doctrine of Justification by faith. To believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, is the thing of chief importance in his system; and yet, his doctrine of election or predestination seems to leave doubtful how many *can* believe. The doctrine Paul tries to establish as just and reasonable by the figure of the potter. He assumes a right in the potter, of the same lump of clay to make one vessel unto honor and another unto dishonor, which is perfectly true; but when he assumes as a parallel case that God (for the purpose of showing his wrath and making his power known), may create sentient and immortal beings as vessels of wrath fitted for destruction, the cases cease to be parallel. The potter who makes his pot just as he wished and intended, has no right to find fault with them. The maker of human beings is responsible for their permanent welfare, and has no right so to make them that existence shall be permanently a curse to them. The idea of Moloch, worshipped by burning infants to death, is monstrous. How inexpressibly worse would be a deity who would keep men, women and children forever alive, for the purpose of burning them forever!

Another peculiarity of Paul's teaching is that, like Jesus, he discourages marriage; the reason evidently being in both cases, that the time for earthly indulgences was rapidly passing, that that kingdom of God in which there would be no marrying was near at hand, and that the first duty of believers was to expect it, and warn others to prepare for it. Marriage Paul says, though permissible under some circumstances, is not desirable. It is good for a man not to touch a woman. Instead of a help-meet she is a tempter. She was created for the man, but began her ministry by tempting him to transgress, and her place was to be in subjection to him. Paul, like the author of the Apocalypse, praises virginity as preferable to the permanent state for both sexes.

Paul's idea of God had been formed from the Hebrew Scriptures, and retained much of the wrathful and jealous character there attributed to Jehovah. Vengeance was forbidden to men, because God reserved it for his own indulgence, and would surely exercise it upon transgressors. Paul did not regard God as a loving Father who, on seeing the return of his repentant child, would go forward to meet and welcome him. There must be a mediator, an intercessor, some ransom, some compensation. And this doctrine of Paul has so perverted the whole Christian world, that neither Catholics nor Protestants dare to approach God directly, as children to a father, but beseech him to hear and help them in the name and for the sake of his "begotten Son" Jesus Christ. The Catholics, indeed, go a step farther off, and entreat the Virgin

Mary to request her son Jesus to supplicate his Father in their behalf. But neither Catholics nor Protestants seem to understand that the attribution of more loving-kindness to Mary or to Jesus *necessarily* implies a conviction of less loving-kindness in God the Father. Christians of all sects cherish and cultivate *fear* of God, not understanding that, even if it were "the beginning of wisdom," it is only a beginning, and needs to be superseded by that perfect love which casteth out fear. They praise the parable of the Prodigal Son without daring to act upon the lesson it plainly teaches.

Paul taught, as Jesus did, non-resistance to evil; and he went on to enjoin submission and obedience to despotic rulers, at the very time when the most vicious and tyrannical of them was in power. The reason of such teaching in both cases was obviously the same. Neither Paul nor Jesus had the least idea that the world would continue nineteen hundred years, and would gradually discover that despotism was an enormous evil which must be resisted and overthrown, and that men, as citizens, had not only rights but duties utterly incompatible with patient acquiescence in tyranny. Yet our teachers of Christianity of all sects recognize and enjoin as duties, in the citizens of a republic, a course of life in direct opposition to that which Paul enjoined, while at the same time they call his epistles divinely inspired to be our rule of life.

Paul evidently shared the belief, universal among the Jews, that dreams and visions were divine intimations respecting truth and duty. This fact should always be kept in mind when we read of the various things communicated to him "by revelation." The whole gospel preached by him came to him "through revelation of Jesus Christ." He went to Jerusalem with Barnabas "by revelation." "By revelation" was made known to him the mystery that the Gentiles were fellow-heirs with the Jews. By reason of the exceeding greatness of certain "visions and revelations" respecting Paradise and the third heaven, lest he should be exalted overmuch, there was given him a messenger of Satan to buffet him. It seems probable that what Paul really meant by the expressions above quoted was just what Andrew Jackson Davis meant when he modestly said "I am impressed to believe." There was strong conviction on his mind about the Summer Land, as there was in Paul's about the third heaven. Personal conviction is a good rule for Paul and Andrew; but others will do well to examine the grounds of their convictions before accepting them.

Paul, accepting the Hebrew tradition of Adam's "fall," added to it the assumption that the nature of the whole human race was corrupted thereby, bringing them under the wrath and curse of God. The corrupt nature of course led to actual sin, so that all were under condemnation to everlasting punishment. Having shown his justice by this condemnation, God the Father proceeded to show his mercy by devising a plan of salvation, and sending his only begotten Son to make atonement for so many as should accept him as the Lord Jesus Christ. Such is the gospel which Paul thinks he received by revelation. Seekers for truth by the methods allowed at the present day find no reason to accept this Pauline theory, but very much reason to deny and reject it as utterly unworthy of God, and for that reason incredible. That which in this scheme is called justice is not just, and that which is called mercy is not merciful. The system whose essential features are self-contradictory cannot possibly be the permanent religion of the human race.

Christianity, as it has been and still is, seems to have come mainly from Paul's revelations, visions, dreams, impressions. These, being first zealously preached in the numerous churches which he founded, took form in his subsequent epistles to them, and left manifest traces in the Gospels, which, written long afterwards, came finally to be accepted with those epistles as the only and sufficient rule of duty for all mankind. Christianity (the Christ doctrine erroneously applied to Jesus), being plainly the work of Paul, should rather have been called Paulism. To bring back Jesus from that misconception, to give him the honor which is really his due, and to place his very great contribution to the religion of the future in its proper light is one of the most important duties of the present day.

The Study Table.

"A Dream of the Ages." By Kate Brownlee Sherwood. Washington, D. C.: The National Tribune. Cloth, square 12mo, pp. 80.

"Columbia" fulfills the dream of the ages, and is personified as a beautiful maiden, just awakened to womanhood, and wooed by a lover from the West, the Indian. After the declaration of his errand by one of the aged men of his tribe, the lover pays his court in silence through the long months until Columbia almost yields, in spite of the singing redbird's "Beware; the horde of the raven was never yet white." At this point comes the suitor from the east, from over the sea, and wins her. The story goes on, touching the Revolution, the growth and termination of slavery, the proud triumph of Columbia the beautiful and good, and an invitation to all the world to "Haste to the feast of thy queen." The story is told in varied verse, easy and attractive in the main, but with some crudities and a stilted movement at times. The illustrations are principally by J. E. Kelly, and while they are forcible, the lines are too sharply drawn to be pleasing; the two sketches by Geo. W. Breck are much softer and more artistic. One wishes that the last illustration would quite "come true"; for there Columbia sits on a great globe, in her American chair, (its posts surmounted by liberty caps) the stars and stripes floating above her head, her uplifted hand pointing to the flag, while the other hand holds a long scroll, (the declaration of peace and liberty) her foot upon the chain of the negro who sits at her feet upon one side, and upon the other side the sword and tomahawk of the Indian who holds his pipe of peace. The scene is one of happiness, peace and triumph, and the "dream of the ages" is fulfilled. J. S.

The Secret of Character-Building. By John B. De Motte, A. M., Ph. D. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.

The opening illustration of this volume has this sentence beneath it: "Society chaperones her lassies, her lads she pushes out to learn the world alone." And scattered through it are many strong sentences, emphasizing the same idea. In relation to Kant's oft quoted saying, that "trees when allowed to grow in the open air prosper better and bear more generous fruit than those which are forced as to shape in hothouses by artificial processes" he says: "When the 'open air' is charged with sewer-gas we do not hesitate to shut our doors against it, and why should we be so liberal upon the question of moral contagion? It is curious that we discriminate at every step in the development of muscle and mind, but in morals we become suddenly 'broad-minded.'" The author's idea of a physical basis for morals is a very important one, and much good would result from its general diffusion among the young. A thoughtful young man will find this an inspiring and interesting book, and to those less thoughtful its leading lessons can be conveyed by older friends who have the requisite tact and discrimination. Its purpose is high and noble. H. T. G.

First Days with the Contrabands. By Elizabeth Hyde Botume. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Cloth, $1.25.

This is a highly interesting description of life among the refugee negroes at Beaufort, S. C., and at Hilton Head, during the closing years of the war. The author was among the very first teachers who reached that benighted people, and her early experiences in trying to bring order out of the existing chaos are entertainingly related. There are many people who have a very indistinct idea of our first dealings with the refugees, and who will find Gen. Sherman's first order in relation to them a highly interesting document. And a whole generation of younger readers are waiting to learn of the difficulties under which any sort of teaching was undertaken among them at first. The present book is graphic and truthful in its details, and is a valuable contribution to the history of that exciting period. H. T. G.

The Newest Books.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice.

Silhouettes from Life. By Anson Uriel Hancock. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 158. $1.00.

The Conquest of Mexico and Peru; an Historical Narrative Poem. By Kinahan Cornwallis. New York: The Daily Investigator. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 450. $1.00.

Simplicity and Fascination. By Anne Beale. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Paper, 16mo, pp. 500. 50c.

Lost in a Great City. By Amanda M. Douglas. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Paper, 16mo, pp. 468. 50c.

THE *Jenness-Miller Monthly* is a magazine devoted to artistic dress and is a standard in this department. The subscription price is one dollar a year, but if subscribed for in connection with UNITY, we will send this magazine and UNITY one year (whether the UNITY subscription be a new one or a renewal) for $1.65. Address the Unity Publishing Company, 175 Dearborn St., Chicago.

THOSE who never retract love themselves more than the truth.—*Joubert.*

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From Hon. Andrew Dixon White, United States Minister to Russia.

I have delayed acknowledging your book until I could have the opportunity to give it a more careful examination. I have now done so, and wish to thank you for it heartily. It seems to me full of valuable information which persons studying the great question to which you refer should have at their command. It also seems very suggestive of thought, and likely to bear useful fruit among investigators, . . . rendering a great service to Christianity itself. . . .

From Prof. O. B. Frothingham, Boston.

The book has been received and perused. Allow me to thank you for sending it to me as one capable of judging its argument. I find it original and able. Its frankness, outspokenness, boldness, interest me greatly. It goes to the roots of the matters. It has long been my conviction that the belief in the deity of Christ was the essence of Christianity. . . . You do a service in printing it. I would advise its wide circulation.

From Prof. Hudson Tuttle.

. . . The book grows better from the beginning. . . . Those who desire to know what the most advanced scholarship has done in the way of Biblical criticism can find it here in this book, condensed and more forcibly expressed. In short, it is a *vade mecum*, a library within itself of this kind of knowledge, and is much that is difficult of access in its original form. . . . .

From Hon. Henry Booth, LL.D., Chicago.

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From the Chicago Times.

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Notes from the Field.

W. U. C. Announcement.—The Treasurer of the Western Conference reports the following:

RECEIPTS.

Amount previously reported	$966.04
From Free Congregational Church, Baraboo, Wis.	5.00
From Unity Church, Monmouth, Ill	20.00
" First Congregational Society, New Bedford, Mass	100.00
From Arthur Scheible, Chicago	1.00
" C. H. Williams, Baraboo, Wis.	2.00
	$1,094.04

The treasurer hopes to be able to report a larger number next week. Do not wait for further reminders. Remit at once to Myron Leonard, Unitarian headquarters, 175 Dearborn street, Chicago.

THE last regular meeting of the branch of the W. W. U. C. was held at Oak Park April 6. The president called the meeting to order at the usual time. The program committee not being quite ready to give their report, the nomination committee presented the following names for officers for the coming year: Mrs. Dow, president; for vice-presidents: Mesdames Temple, Butler and Solomon; secretary, Mrs. Reed; treasurer, Mrs. Perkins. Mrs. Woolley addressed the meeting on "Modern Unitarianism." A discussion followed in which the pastor of the Oak Park church was invited to participate. It was a most delightful ending of the season and all the members of the society will remember with pleasure the royal entertainment given by their Oak Park sisters.

SOPHIA H. BADGER, *Secretary.*

Chicago.—The joint program of the "National Alliance of Unitarian and Other Christian Women" and the Women's Western Unitarian Conference, to be held under the auspices of the National Congress of Women, will shortly be published. Hall No. 3 in the Art Palace is secured for their use on May 19, morning and evening. Speakers have been secured for most of the topics. Mrs. S. C. Ll. Jones, of Chicago, will read a paper on "Postoffice Missions"; Mrs. C. E. Davis, of Boston, will speak on a subject not yet announced. Mrs. Learned, of St. Louis, will give an address on "Religion in the Twentieth Century." Mrs. Horace Davis, of San Francisco, will bring the report of the Pacific Conference. Further features on the program will be published as fast as matured. Let all the Unitarian women remember the date.

—Rev. W. W. Fenn is in Meadville this week, giving his lectures upon the Book of Acts to the students of the Theological School. Secretary Hosmer preached at the Third Church last Sunday morning, and in the afternoon in Evanston where Mr. Blake has gathered a small but earnest congregation that is the nucleus of a coming church. Mr. Blake has held afternoon service in Evanston every Sunday for several months.

—The Unitarian exhibit at the World's Fair, together with the exhibits of other religious fellowships, will be held in the Liberal Arts building. The space allowed these organizations is on the second floor, on a main avenue. The Unitarians are neighbored by the Swedenborgians on the one side and the Trinitarian Congregationalists on the other. Across the passage are the Methodists' "Church alley," one man suggested the other day; but he was properly corrected by another who said with great dignity "Church Avenue." It seems a very proper thing for the two branches sprung from the old Congregational churches of New England on this occasion to tabernacle side by side. The Unitarian booth or building has already been erected on this allotted space. Its front is a miniature reproduction of the Doric, and is noticeable among the other designs. Rev. A. W. Gould, of Hinsdale, is chairman of the committee in charge of the exhibit and the preparation for it.

New Orleans, La.—The eighth annual meeting of the Southern Conference of Unitarian and other Christian churches was held in this city on Wednesday and Thursday, April 12, 13, opening on Wednesday evening with the installation of Rev. Walter C. Pierce as pastor of the Church of the Messiah. The occasion was a most pleasant one for all present, because of the enthusiasm shown on all sides. Rev. W. W. Fenn, of Chicago, preached a strong and excellent sermon; Rev. G. L. Chaney offered prayer; Rev. W. R. Cole, of Atlanta, gave the right hand of fellowship; Rev. H. A. Whitman, of Charleston, gave the double charge to minister and people, and other parts were taken by Rev. S. R. Free, of Chattanooga, and Rev. N. Schultz, of San Antonio, Tex. An original hymn, by Mrs. G. L. Chaney, was sung and appropriate selections were rendered by the choir.

At the business meeting held Thursday forenoon and afternoon a number of practical questions were discussed, and the following officers were elected: President, Mr. John Y. Dixon, Atlanta; vice-presidents, Hon. Frederick G. Bromberg, Mobile; Mr. Chas. H. Coolidge, Chattanooga; and Rev. Geo. L. Chaney, Richmond, Va.; secretary and treasurer, Mr. E. E. Soulé, New Orleans, La. Directors: Rev. Frederic W. Sanders and Capt. Geo. T. Davis, Asheville, N. C.; Rev. Wm. Roswell Cole and Mrs. F. C. Swift, Atlanta; Rev. E. M. Wheelock, Austin, Tex.; Rev. H. A. Whitman and Mr. Arthur L. Jones, Charleston, S. C.; Rev. Samuel R. Free and Mr. Wm. C. MacDonald, Chattanooga; Rev. Walter C. Peirce and Mr. Chas. J. Leeds, New Orleans; Rev. N. Schultz and Mr. I. B. Henyan, San Antonio, Tex., and Dr. E. C. Williams, Richmond, Va.

In accordance with suggestions made in the president's address, the Conference recommended that a collection be taken up in all the churches in the January preceding each conference, in order to provide it with an income; that in recognition of the A. U. A's valuable services, a collection for its benefit be taken up this year, on the 16th or 23d of April and henceforth on the second Sunday in April; that the *Southern Unitarian* be the official organ of the Conference and be managed by it through a publishing committee appointed by the Board of Directors; that all the churches be urged to maintain branches of the Women's Alliance, and that something be done looking toward a similar banding together of the men for work in a Liberal Church League, such as is already in existence in Atlanta, where it has accomplished much good. A resolution was passed deploring the death and extending sympathy to the family of the late Dr. A. B. Rose, of Charleston, S. C., who had been president of the Conference from its institution in 1884 until 1892. Resolutions of thanks to the entertaining society and to the city press were passed, and in the former were embodied warm congratulations upon its good fortune in securing its new pastor to help it to regain its place in the world.

Among the reports of the churches the most important was that of Rev. Mr. Schultz, who for a number of years has been doing missionary work in Texas, at first single-handed, who set forth the splendid opportunities for the extension of liberal religion in that field. The directors passed a resolution concurring with the Southern superintendent in his recommendation that a liberal appropriation be made for work in Texas.

Thursday evening the Conference was closed with a very pleasant religious and musical service, of which the principal feature was the fifteen-minute addresses of the ministers attending the Conference. President Dixon presided. Rev. Mr. Peirce made a brief address of welcome, and addresses followed from Rev. Messrs. Whitman, Cole, Free, Chaney, Schultz, Sanders and Fenn, in the order given. Between one and two hundred were in attendance, and the ministers declared it was the most quiet and attentive audience they had ever seen, notwithstanding the length of the service.

F. W. SANDERS, *Sec. pro tem.*

Cedar Rapids, Ia.—Rev. J. H. Palmer, minister of the Universalist church, thus interprets the so-called "Winchester Profession" of his fellowship (adopted at Winchester, N. H., in 1803) in a neat church circular:

The Winchester profession may be called the *official* statement of the things for which our churches generally stand. Like official professions and platforms generally, it manifests more of the framework of organization than of its vital spirit. The modern Universalist church does not dogmatize in regard to the future; it simply entertains "the larger hope" as to the "divine event toward which the whole creation moves;" and it takes the name Universalist because it believes in the One Law, which manifests itself in a Fatherhood, Brotherhood, and Inspiration, which are universal. God has no favorites in his family; no especially beloved nations, ages, or religions: but he is in the world now as presently and potentially as at any time past, or as he will be at any time in the future. The highest thought of man, in any age, is a prophecy of the divine intent, and the leaders of thought are the prophets of God, in all times, in all religions, in all lands.

Washington, D. C.—The Unitarian Conference of the Middle States and Canada will hold its next meeting on Tuesday and Wednesday, May 2-3, in All Souls Church in this city, Robert Collyer preaching the opening sermon. An attractive program runs through the morning, afternoon and evening of Wednesday, closing with addresses upon "The Progressive Church: What It Should Do." The hospitality of All Souls Church is extended to attending ministers and delegates, whose names should be sent at once to Rev. Rush R. Shippen, 1301 Riggs street, Washington.

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is essential to purity of foods. It is wisdom and economy to select those that are pure. The Gail Bordon Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is prepared with the greatest care, and infants are assured the best. Grocers and Druggists.

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Mrs. Kelly's bond as custodian of these funds has been duly filed.

For further information apply to either of the following committee:

Mrs. R. Howard Kelly, Chairman.
Miss A. A. Ogden, Room 24, Custom House, Chicago.
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The pages of UNITY will help in teaching the lessons to be drawn from this great event of the year.

UNITY under its new management will shortly change its shape and increase its size, and add in many respects to the style of its make-up.

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The Home.

Helps to High Living.

Sun.—To be truly devout we must not only do God's will, but we must do it cheerfully.

Mon.—Make friends with your trials, as though you were always to live together.

Tues.—There is no better means of progress in the spiritual life than to be continually beginning afresh.

Wed.—When the shore is gained who will heed the toil and the storm?

Thurs.—When you are at peace use it profitably.

Fri.—Turn your troubles which are without remedy, into material for spiritual progress.

Sat.—Let your spiritual life be formed by the actions which are called forth by circumstances.

—*Francis de Sales.*

Standing Alone.

"The baby is standing all 'loney!"
The children shout in their glee—
And father and mother and auntie
Must hurry and come to see.
So baby—the cute little darling!—
Is put through the wonderful feat,
And fondled and kissed and commended
For being so smart and so sweet.

With the cunningest air of triumph
She stands in the midst of us all—
While the outstretched arm of her mother
Is ready to save a fall,
And whenever the little one totters,
Around her is hastily thrown,—
'Tis very fine fun—thinks the baby—
This frolic of standing alone!

Ah, many a time in the future
She'll long for the aid of that arm
When the love and the care of a mother
No longer can shield her from harm!
For oft when our need is the sorest
There's no one to whom we can turn—
And standing alone is a lesson
'Tis hard for a woman to learn.

And often and ever, my baby,
Before life's long journey is gone,
You will long in your hours of weakness
For something to lean upon.
When the props upon which you depended
Are taken away or o'erthrown,
You will find it wearisome, baby—
So wearisome! standing alone.

—*Selected.*

"Misery."

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

I can never think of my little dog of the wagging tail without an inward self-reproach. His history is brief—made briefer by what was perhaps our mistaken benevolence.

He was pre-eminently a self-made dog. About him there were no sinuous curves of high breeding, no slender legs or pointed nose. On the contrary, the tail he wagged so affectionately was thick and stumpy and his color was dingy yellow, while his legs, though they did carry him twenty miles under my father's carriage to the warm shelter of his first home, were far apart, bow-legged, and as short as his heart was warm. But does not the greatest of novelists say in describing a weak but sweet-faced character, that she had eyes charged with a meaning and pathos not belonging to the single human soul that fluttered beneath them, but speaking the joys and sorrows of a foregone generation? So Misery was fore-ordained to carry around the plebeian exterior of some gutter-loving ancestor, while underneath its roughness there beat as true a little heart as ever loved.

It must be admitted that he was a tramp dog. It may be, like the philosophers of olden times, he searched for the honest man, and finding him, was content; for, from the rainy night he followed my father home, to the hour of his death, he was loyal and constant. Well do I remember the diplomacy with which he entered our household. We were as a unit opposed to dogs. "What! Have such a nuisance around? not I," quoth one and all in unison; putting a scientific seal on the decision by quoting "Hydrophobia" as "reason enough." But when the door opened that evening letting in a wild gust of rain, and the hoarse voice of the wind as it roared at every crevice, it let in also the little bright-eyed dog—for did I tell you that outshining all his unaristocratic ugliness were two of the brightest and warmest brown eyes I ever beheld? He saw arrayed before him a formidable crowd—even in the background stood a grim fate in the shape of a broom and a hired girl, murmuring: "We'll not kape that ugly baste *I'm* sure. The full of the moon will not be gone before he's gone."

He grasped the situation, and, like a young Napoleon, prepared to meet it. Looking up to the gentlest face, the Mother's, he stopped for a moment and then with the grace of an inspiration poised himself on his hind legs. Never was anything done more charmingly. The wistful candor in his wells of eyes, and the soldier-like precision of his manner won the day, and henceforth Misery was a member of the family; forsooth, I think the best member in it. You can talk of your pug dogs and your skye terriers, your greyhounds and your St. Bernards. Yes, you may bring in your dogs of history: Landseer's or Lord Byron's, Eurytion's dog, and Agrippa's with the incarnate spirit; even the dog of the seven sleepers, "Katmir," would not lead me to alter my conviction that Misery had as much soul as any dog that ever lived. It may have occasionally shown what a thoughtless person would have termed small meannesses, but which intelligence would call forethought, providential looking out for one's self, caution,—a number of good, New England traits could be applied, and appropriately. Judge for yourself.

Picture a cold, bleak, snowy winter day—a stretch of dreary country landscape, with bare boughs of trees writing more hopeful promises on the gray sky, a few rose-bushes rattling their winter leaves and berries like castanets underneath a bay window, out of which looks an intelligent and complacent, hairy little face. Why all this composure when his natural enemies, the neighbor's dogs, are scouring the premises in search of the bone which maketh blithe the spirit of all dog-kind? Ah! he "has them on the hip," for did he not in the warmer hours of the morning busily betake himself to the task of collecting said bones, laboriously scratching shallow holes underneath his future stronghold, the bay window, where during the failing light of the afternoon, he watches in warmth, ever and anon, as a bolder spirit ventures too near his sacred cemetery, rousing himself to bark furiously, with the desired effect. What sagacity is shown here? Could a man possess the talent for military engineering which animated these maneuvers, he would have at once the genius of a Vauban and the cool-headedness of a Grant.

The dear old professor of the breakfast table speaks of music as the "Volapuk" of the universe. To Misery it spoke of happier days, of battles in which he was the vanquished, of supperless nights and breakfastless mornings, of friends left in the misty past; in short, the striking of a single chord sent Misery's cold little nose in the air, and throughout the selection he accompanied it in a mournful tenor, keeping the key and time, and producing a weird effect on nervous ladies or timid children; but banishment from the room was useless, for but a moment elapsed before his wailing note was heard under the window, made actually awful by distance.

There were minor chords in the character of my four-footed friend which often led me to conjecture if vicissitudes had not been the order of his earlier days, and this minor chord was twanged unmercifully during the only unhappy summer time in his life with us.

It happened in this wise. Artist friends had discovered that in this luxuriant country of trailing vines and wooded hills there were possibilities of sketches incomparable. It was here they could find the "dark blue mist" that Ruskin loved, and the shadowy fields; here that sheep and kine strayed in picturesque confusion over meadows dazzling in their greenness; here too that Peace spread her brooding wings and welcomed her tired city children to her shelter. So it was that hither they wended their way one mellow, summer day, and with sketching stools and paint boxes painted the town and—Misery. Yes, he too sat for his picture. A base advantage was taken of the confiding little soul while sitting in the flower bed, his favorite spot for contemplation and musing on the insults received during the miserable day. Had not one wretched creature, with a banjo, whom the girls, strange to say, seemed to adore, sung derisively, in a key that alone would make him melancholy:

"There sprung a leak in Noah's ark,
Which made the dogs begin to bark;
Noah took his nose to stop the hole,
And hence his nose is always cold."

Could they not see that he was a dog of sensitive soul, though clothed in such disguise? Why was not he slender-legged and beautiful? And as he brooded in sad introspection, his picture was caught. You can perceive (if you have a fine perception) the struggling soul looking out of his dumb eyes. If you have not, you will only see a crooked-legged little dog with no lineage to boast of.

But though I fain would be a Boswell to my little friend, yet your time is precious. The last few days of his life I will not dwell upon. It was a painful necessity to end a life caught in the grip of pain. I will not soon forget the sad questioning of the faithful eyes—bright to the last. Had we a right to banish him to the eternal sleep, this little being to whom a soul is denied? For him (it is taught) there would be no "summerland"—no green fields—no heavenly winds to blow the mists of earth away, but only annihilation. Over his grave I would fain write: Here lies one who had no pride of ancestry. To him has come the black night, which, so the unthinking say, swallows up such as he. But to him was given the divine attribute of love. This impalpable essence must live eternally. If not again embodied it will still live in our memories—a record of faithfulness. Adieu.

FRANCES OVIATT LEWIS.

Essential of Character.

IX.

PERSEVERANCE.

"Attempt the end and never stand to doubt;
Nothing 's so hard but search will find it out."

CONTINUANCE IN ACTION.—Perseverance is the power that holds on till the end is reached. It might be defined as self-control applied to continuance in action. Perseverance is very necessary to keep the other qualities of character at work till the things we attempt are accomplished.

Many a boy, bright and quick to learn, full of strength and energy, fails to do very much because he lacks perseverance. He begins something, but leaves it half done to take up something else, which in turn is left undone; while some one with not half his powers, who has learned to hold fast till his task is done, slowly works out his purpose and wins success.

Be sure you are right and then go ahead and *keep* going. Along that road lie all the best things of life. One may cultivate perseverance by an emphatic "I will" when he thinks of what he ought to do, and an equally strong "I won't" when he is tempted to delay or leave off. Few of us have so little ability that we may not accomplish much good in the world if we will cultivate patience, perseverance and thoroughness in our work; while few are so bright as to be of much service without them.

Perseverance saves much time, for he who sticks earnestly to his work is soonest through with it; while the scatter-brained worker is distracted and fatigued by the embarrassment of his many unfinished tasks.

Cultivate perseverance by reading the histories of those who, through patient effort, have done great things. Dorothea Dix and Palissy the potter are good examples.

IN THE HOME perseverance will help to keep the house in good order because one will not leave the work till all is done. It will not weary mother with the complaint: "O I'm so tired of this! Can't I do something else?" It will teach us to get rid of disagreeable tasks by doing them and thus putting them out of the way.

IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM perseverance will set you earnestly at work upon hard lessons till they are thoroughly learned. It will send you out to the playground with a free heart to enjoy the best of the sport because you can say: "I stuck to that lesson till I learned it and understood it."

UPON THE PLAYGROUND, perseverance carries through sports with the same earnestness as lessons. Every game is the better for a spirit of perseverance that finishes what it undertakes.

IN SOCIAL LIFE, perseverance helps you to talk well, entertain well, lead in social matters, because you have trained your mind to act continuously. It is needful to carry forward schemes of social improvement. People will say of one who has acquired this habit, "O if *he* takes up anything it will succeed."

IN BUSINESS, perhaps above all other places, one needs perseverance. Good business habits, a reputation and business associates are not acquired in a day. It frequently takes years of patient work while the end is quite out of sight. But the patient steady worker wins.

IN CHURCH AND SUNDAY-SCHOOL perseverance keeps us steadily in our places, tends to give us strong convictions and an abiding faith. It helps to build true and reverent natures that lay deep hold upon the truths of the higher life.

H. C. MCDOUGAL.

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Restores faded, thin, and gray hair to its original color, texture, and abundance; prevents it from falling out, checks tendency to baldness, and promotes a new and vigorous growth. A clean, safe, elegant, and economical hair-dressing,

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Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

What They Say About Unity.

From a Maryland reader:

"I am late with my renewal of subscription and words of good cheer for UNITY; but it is not because I have not always had at heart its interests and hopes of its success and I may say at least, it is a source of comfort that it is to be continued. It is the sole paper whose every word I read from cover to back, and while I have had to curtail in other directions, UNITY is the one thing I cannot and will not do without. I re-echo the general opinion of others that in spiritual tone and high outlook, it has not its equal publication, and am sure there is *no* other paper in the world, can exactly fill its place. Much as I would like to increase its subscription list it is not easy to do that in my locality, and while I hope from year to year to be able to offer something more than mere good will, my losses and reverses of the past year, for which I am accustomed to make no allowance in looking forward to the year's count, render it impossible to do more at present than renew my own subscription."

Another subscriber writes:

I like "UNITY" for one thing—it is the first and only paper I ever read that is entirely free from either dishonesty or crankiness. Our political papers are usually dishonest, and our religious and social publications cranky. But UNITY is neither. It is fresh, clean, crispy, full of that which satisfies the true man, that feeds the soul. It is neither narrow nor dull, and I have never noticed any misspellings, bad grammar, etc.—for the reason, I suppose, that I always look for something else more noble, and never fail to find it in UNITY."

From a South Dakota friend:

"I hardly know how I should *live* without UNITY. When there was some thought that it might not be published longer, I held my breath as though the life of a dear friend were hanging in the balance and wished so ardently that I might send some material aid which was at that time impossible. I rejoice exceedingly that it will still go forth as an Evangel to help others into the light as it has me."

An Alabama subscriber writes:

"I have loved UNITY from its birth, and still love it with all the affection that an old man can the sweet bride of his youth. The broad humanitarian principles that find such able advocates in its columns, and its mission of Freedom, Fellowship and Character are the essence of inspiration. With best wishes for UNITY and the new company."

From an Illinois reader:

"Herein find inclosed two dollars for subscriptions to your valuable little weekly, which I prize quite as highly as any paper which I read, and they are quite a number. It teaches a religion which is more ennobling than the dark and misty creeds which have fettered so many minds in the past."

From a Colorado reader:

"Inclosed please find one dollar for renewal of UNITY for the coming year. I wish most heartily I might make it more, for I find the paper helpful and inspiring."

From a New York friend, interested in the spread of UNITY:

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Notes about New Books.

CHARLES H. KERR AND COMPANY, though no longer the publishers of UNITY, continue the publication of liberal, scientific and miscellaneous books, and hope to deserve as before the patronage of UNITY's readers. They have removed to 175 Monroe street, two blocks west of UNITY office, where they will be glad to see their friends.

They have just issued a second edition of William Mackintire Salter's "First Steps in Philosophy," the first edition of which met with a cordial reception from the best critics, and was sold out in an encouragingly short space of time. (Cloth, $1.00.)

They have just ready a new volume of delightful little stories for summer reading, entitled "Silhouettes from Life," by Anson Uriel Hancock. It contains twelve short stories or sketches illustrative of pioneer life on the prairies of Nebraska and in the backwoods of Michigan. (Cloth, $1.00.)

They have in press a poem for the Columbus Centennial by Louis James Block, whose previous book of "Dramatic Sketches and Poems," published by an eastern house, met wide recognition. The new poem will be entitled "*El Nuevo Mundo*," and will be published in handsome cloth binding at $1.00.

They are now rapidly closing out the twenty-first thousand of "The Faith that makes Faithful," by William C. Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. (Cloth, $1.00 paper 50 cents.)

They have on hand a limited edition of "The Thought of God," poems by Frederick L. Hosmer and William C. Gannett. (Paper 50 cents; white vellum cloth, $1.00; full morocco, gilt top, $1.50)

They have lately received a cordial and encouraging letter from Frances E. Willard in London, expressing her appreciation of Dr. C. T. Stockwell's remarkable book "The Evolution of Immortality," and promising an early review of it from her own pen in the *Union Signal*. (Cloth, 60 cents.)

They have lately prepared a new circular of W. H. Van Ornum's searching social study "Why Government at All," which shows the impression made by this daring and original work upon some of the prominent journalists of America. (Paper 50 cents; half leather, $1.50.)

They have in press a thoroughly scientific and practical manual of over 300 pages called "Information for Nurses," by Martin W. Curran of the Bellvue Hospital in Brooklyn, which will prove invaluable both in the hospital and home. A descriptive circular will soon be ready.

They publish and control many more valuable and interesting works, infiction, ethics, poetry, science, and sociology, of which they will gladly send lists on application.

They have lately, without changing the firm name, which remains as when the business was solely owned by Mr. Kerr, organized under the laws of Illinois as a stock company, with one thousand shares of ten dollars each. This has been done to extend the principle of co-operation. The holders of shares from one up will have the privilege of purchasing the books of the house at the lowest wholesale prices, and will moreover share equally with the managers in the profits that accrue not only from the business of publishing but from an extensive business in the manufacture of book plates for other publishers. Charles H. Kerr is president of the new company, and will be glad to give full information either in person or by letter to any who may be interested in this announcement.

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